

## St. Paul's Song

by Pierce Pettis from 1 Corinthians 13 (1982)

If I spoke in tongues of men  
Or spoke in tongues of angels  
If I could not speak with love  
I'd just be cymbals clanging  
And everyone would hold their ears  
They wouldn't want to take it  
Not a soul would want to hear  
A racket so outrageous.

If I spoke in prophecies  
The fate of many nations  
If I knew the mysteries  
The secrets of creation  
And had I all the faith I need  
Enough for mountains moving  
Without love to carry me  
What good would it do me?

*For love is kind and suffers long  
It is not proud or jealous  
Love, it don't remember wrongs  
Love will never fail us  
It hopes, believes, it bears all things  
It will never be defeated  
More than faith, more than hope  
Love, it is the greatest.*

Knowledge, prophecies will fade  
And tongues will all fall silent  
Love that faces everything  
Is solid and defiant  
And though it's hard to see these things  
As through a dark glass straining  
When we're standing face to face  
The truth won't need explaining.